

North Carolina State Library
Raleigh, N. C.

North Carolina Folklore Journal

J. B. COLE'S POTTERY, STEEDS, N. C.



Nell Cole Graves and
Wayman Cole at
their pottery wheels.



Earthenware

Boasting of our wealth and virtues rare,
What are we, but bits of earthenware?
Fashioned by the one Great Master hand,
Each one marked by that Great Maker's brand.
Some of us are fashioned tall and fair,
Vases for the mansion, Dresden ware;
Some of us as ornaments are prized,
Some of us are useful, yet despised;
Some of us are big pots lined with gold,
Some of us are mugs and bought and sold;
Some of us are broke—ah, that's a fact,
Some of us are not broke—only cracked;
Some of us are fashioned fine and true,
With every ray of sunshine gleaming through;
Some of us are coarse and chipped and stained—
Yet fragrant with the balm of love contained.

Earthenware, just earthenware, vessels of clay, just earthenware;

All of us made by the one Great Potter;
Some of us as white as porcelain, some as brown as terra cotta.

Earthenware, just earthenware, that the Master will repair
When we go to the clay that we came from, some day.
Broken earthenware.

—GEORGE WOOD.

Vol. 38, No. 1

Winter-Spring 1991